

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.

One word more good Lady

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to rouel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiht of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
and Gyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrud*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. *Gertrud*, com away.